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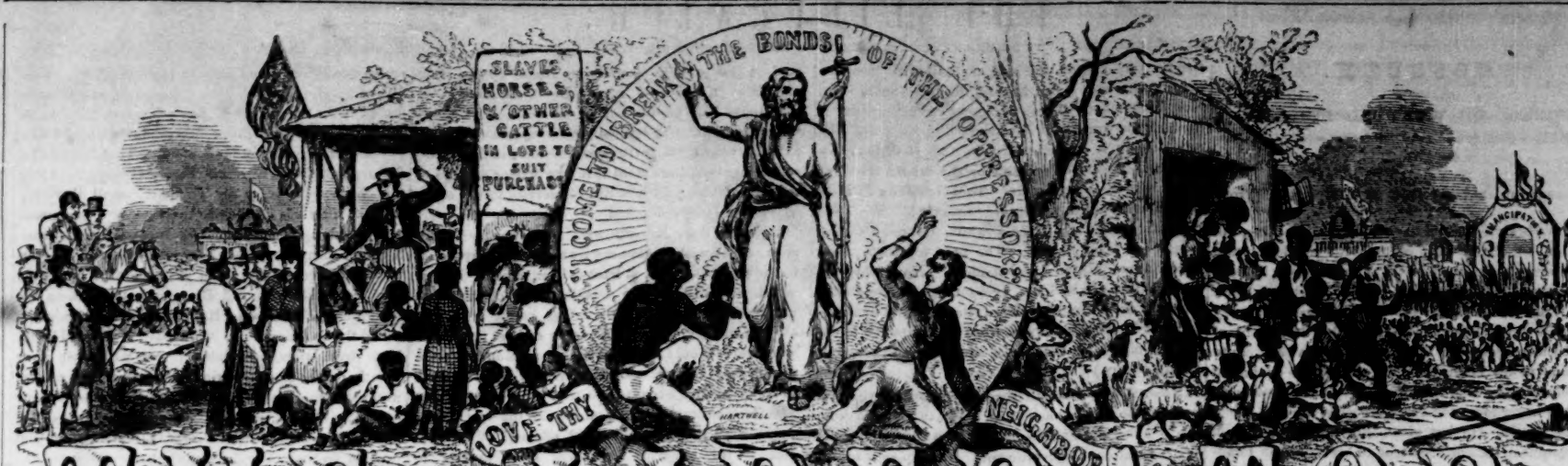
VOL. XXII. NO. 1.

The Liberator.

ATTACKS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS
AND JOHN SCOBLE UPON GEORGE
THOMPSON, ESQ., M. P.

LONDON, December 1, 1851.

My Dear Sir:
I am not presumptuous enough to imagine, that
that which you have already done, could have been
better performed by myself. Difference of position
and, however, have given me additional means of
knowledge to those possessed by yourself upon the
matter in question, and I may be able to render still
more the restoration of calumny endeavored to be
based upon our common friend. You have, indeed,
most ably treated the attack of the first gentleman
named in the leading of this letter, and before this
reaches you, in all probability you will have dealt
with the other gentleman in like manner; but a few
supplementary remarks to what you have already
said, will, I trust, not be unaccepting from one who
will know, and can fairly take upon himself in
some degree to represent, the sentiments of Mr. Thomp-
son's friends on this side the Atlantic.
I have experienced greater pain and disgust than
when perusing the article from Frederick Douglass's
pen, upon Mr. Webb's letter, and the impudent
assertion of John Scoble at Brooklyn—in the
leading, and I must say, wanton, attack of the
Liberator. No Organization proselyte—disgrace at
the hypocritical libel of the Broad Street Committee
upon Mr. George Thompson. Here they have ex-
tended universal reprobation of the ingratitude of the
proselytes of libels against a sincere and true-
hearted friend; and, however their pride may be re-
lieved at the application of the term, a generous and no-
ble benefactor. Alas! that Mr. Thompson should
ever have had cause to say of Frederick Douglass, as
well as John Scoble, 'I gave him bread; he has
not at me a scorpion.' It is lamentable to see men,
whose disparity of mental stature and moral influ-
ence are as great as that of a giant and dwarf, league
together to endeavor to impair, and, if possible, to de-
stroy, the public and private character of one, whom
I am certain all candid men among the New Organi-
zations, however they may differ with him in opin-
ion as to the most fitting means to be employed to
abolish slavery, will nevertheless delight to honor,
and whose talent and devotion to the anti-slavery
cause they will unhesitatingly acknowledge to have
been without parallel in Europe. The simultane-
ousness of the attacks at Rochester and Brooklyn may
have been accidental; but, certainly, it furnishes
ground of suspicion for pre-concert, especially when
viewed in connection with that extraordinary scene,
—previously acted in its performance,—which was
recently enacted at the Buffalo Convention, of the osten-
sionous 'brother Douglass' and 'brother Scoble.'
The unkindness of Mr. Thompson to Frederick
Douglass, in 1845, 1846 and 1847, and also the
fact that John Scoble owes the very bread he has
not for years to the same generous benefactor, ren-
ders the publication of falsehoods reflecting upon his
public and personal character an act which I will not
trust myself to designate, but which the world will
have long to stigmatize.
I will, for the present, confine myself to the only
really powerful and important of those assaults of
Mr. Thompson—Frederick Douglass. Indeed, the
difference in mental stature and moral position be-
tween him and his colleague is so great, that while
the fact of the one would excite the attention and
draw the ear of the uneducated, and certainly un-
educated, I will, however, next week furnish
you with a few facts, justifying even stronger ex-
pressions than those I have used towards this most
notorious of Mr. Thompson, Mr. John Scoble.
I regret that occasion should have arisen for a refu-
tation of these calumnies; nor would I have attempt-
ed, without a strong feeling of imperative necessity
to do so. I know the use which the pro-slavery
party make of any breaches among the friends of the
cause, and especially among men holding such promi-
nent positions as Messrs. Thompson and Douglass.
It is, moreover, painful to me to utter a word of dis-
paragement of Frederick Douglass, towards whom I have
entirely and uniformly expressed the highest es-
teem, believing that his genius has placed him at the
head of the colored race, and that his magnificent oratory
and powerful writings have demonstrated the natural
inequality of his race with that of the Caucasian
race; but when even he is trampled upon and
disgraced in the United States. But, at the same
time, I feel that a neglect to vindicate the character
of so noble and distinguished a man as Mr. Thomp-
son would be the greater evil of the two to the anti-
slavery cause; and that a refutation of the fallacies
and misrepresentations of Frederick Douglass, how-
ever necessary to his own personal and official char-
acter, will be more serviceable to the cause of aboli-
tionism, than the political capital which slaveholders may
endeavor to make out of division in the anti-slavery
cause, and the personal friendship with Mr. Thompson, and a very
laudable co-operation with him in anti-slavery labors,
would demand from me a reply to what I know to be
statements cast upon a personal friend. If, so, then, a
friend, upon public grounds—my knowledge of the
high position sustained by Mr. Thompson, which cannot
be damaged without injury to the cause of free-
dom, not merely locally, but universally, as well as
the official character I have sustained as honorary
Secretary to his Committee, would require me to do
so. I should, indeed, be guilty of a dereliction both
of private and public duty, were I not to expose the
falshood of statements and insinuations, which, in
October, 1851, Frederick Douglass has thought proper
to make respecting the public and personal character
of a man, whom, up to the May preceding, he had
publicly recognized as his warm personal friend,
and whom he had eulogized as his noble, unselfish,
and self-sacrificing colleague in the cause of the
emancipation of his own race. Nothing has inter-
vened between Mr. Thompson to provoke or
excuse this personal attack. The change has evident-



THE LIBERATOR.
OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.
J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

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WHOLE NO. 1095.

ly been made by party spirit, which, I fear, has
made some havoc of the character of Frederick Doug-
lass, but which, I trust, has not so far destroyed the
truthful and generous within him, as to prevent his
admission of the fact, that from the man whom he
has thus attacked, he has not, during his life, received
a single unkind word, or a solitary unfriendly action.
Had the controversy rested simply upon the merits of
the Bristol discussion, at which I was present,—al-
though I have my own decided opinion on that sub-
ject, formed, too, very materially, from Mr. Doug-
lass's own teaching,—I should not have written a word
upon the matter. I have no fear of the result of any
controversy which may arise between Mr. Douglass and
Mr. Thompson, and should not have interfered, on
this occasion, had not the former gentleman had re-
course to poisoned words. In speaking or writing to
you upon anti-slavery subjects, as you know, I have
carefully avoided the painful subject of Mr. Doug-
lass's secession from the American Anti-Slavery So-
ciety. The suddenness of the conversion certainly
greatly surprised those who were his anti-slavery pupils,
and to whom he preached, as his fundamental
and well-nigh absorbing doctrine, the damnable guilt-
lessness of the American Constitution, and the impossi-
bility, without treason to God and a sacrifice of the
cause of the slave, of taking political action under it.
No damnation was more fearful, no thunder more
terrible, than that launched by him against that which
is now his anti-slavery gospel. The American Con-
stitution was then the heresy of heresies, and what-
ever abolitionist was base enough to subscribe to it
was with him *anathema maranatha*. By what miracu-
lous conversion that look, of which he then told us
'every page was red with the blood of the American
slave,' should instantaneously become the only divine
revelation for the slave's salvation and the white man's
regeneration in the United States, we were, and are,
still, at a loss to conceive. We were, indeed, amazed
and confounded; but, knowing nothing of any
previous indications in the career of Mr. Douglass, and
giving him full credit for that which he appeared to
possess when in England,—an ingenious character,
and a sincere attachment to the cause of the slave, not
for any individual benefit or aggrandizement, but for
the sake of the cause itself,—we acquiesced him of the
charge, of which an ordinary man would have been
guilty, of apostasy, and freed him from the suspicion
of anything like sinister motives. With the means
of information we possessed, we charitably came to
the conclusion, that his was one of those unhappy
cases of 'persecution,' as they are now called in this
country, like those of Protestantism to Popery, arising
from some mental illusion, by which the jet black
of yesterday appears the pure white of to-day. But,
I regret to say that, with all our predilections in his
favor, the style of his recent article, and his ungen-
erous personalities to his own friends and fellow-lab-
orers in the same mission, have greatly weakened that
belief in the conscientiousness of his change of com-
munion. Making every allowance for the proverbial
hot and overdone case of new proselytes, still there
is something in the mode in which he defends his
new party, indicative, not of an intelligent conversion,
but, as some have unhesitatingly put it, of a con-
sciousness of the pieces of silver being in his pocket,
and that he must therefore do the bidding of the rul-
ers, and surrender to crucifixion the characters of
those whom he had just deserted, and with whom he
had just broken bread. Even why that pettishness
and that absence of cool argument which Frederick
Douglass can employ, and which he knows is the
most powerful means of convincing men who are
in theoretical error? He knows that personal vilifica-
tion is not a fitting instrument for conversion.
A talented advocate, like him, would never have con-
ducted his case in such an undignified and virulent
spirit, had he possessed confidence in the merits of
his case. He must have had a similar endorsement
upon his brief to that said once to have been put into
the hands of a barrister.—No case. Please to abuse
the plaintiff's attorney.

Before proceeding to his personal attack upon Mr.
Thompson, I will dispose of some false statements of
assumed facts upon which the whole of his super-
structure is based; and here Frederick Douglass has
placed himself upon the horns of a pretty considerable
dilemma. Either he has been guilty of intentional
misrepresentation, in the belief that the general want
of information upon English laws and customs in
America would enable that misrepresentation to pass
muster there,—a motive which I do not impute to
him,—or else he has made such bad use of his nine-
teen months' residence in this country, with all the
facilities of knowledge afforded him, as to have re-
turned to America ignorant of facts, public and no-
torious to the most superficial observer of public usages.
He tells his readers that Mr. Thompson, a member
of the British Parliament, 'has sworn to support the
British Constitution.' Now, this is false in fact. No
member of Parliament is sworn to do any thing of the
kind. There are three things to which they are sworn,
only one of which is in fact applicable to the present
day.—First, to abjure the Pope's spiritual supremacy
in England, (a provision introduced by Henry VIII.,
after the Reformation;) secondly, to be loyal to the
sovereign, (a precaution introduced by that wise
monarch, James I.; and, thirdly, to abjure the Pre-
tender, or, in other words, to support the House of
Brunswick, and resist any attempt to restore the old
and now extinct tyrannical dynasty of the Stuarts,
(an oath introduced by William III., soon after the
settlement of the Crown upon the House of Brun-
swick.) Notwithstanding you kindly pointed out his
blunder in this as well as other points, he most per-
versely reiterates them. It may be humiliating to a
man in his position to have to confess his ignorance
upon matters public and notorious, but that will be
less degrading than involving himself in a charge of
wilful falsehood. I hope this is not to be taken as a
specimen of the general intelligence and scrupulousity
of American editors in dealing with facts. It is a
kind of ignorance by no means creditable to Mr.
Douglass, as a journalist; for there is no portion of
Parliamentary usage which has been so often and so
thoroughly discussed, within the last four years, as
the subject of Parliamentary oaths. Within that pe-
riod, three elections have taken place in the city of

London, in the person of Baron Lionel Rothschild
prominently bringing out that question; and one also
at Greenwich, in the person of Mr. Alderman Salo-
mons. At least half a dozen debates have taken
place upon it in the Houses of Lords and Commons.
If the Rochester editor reads any English news-
papers, he must have seen leader upon leader on the
subject, giving such an amount of information as
leaves the ignorance of a journalist upon it increasable.
If Mr. Douglass persists in his statements, that
Mr. Thompson has 'sworn to preserve the relations
between Church and State,' or that he is not even at
liberty to upset that connection to-morrow, if it be in
his power—that he has even sworn 'to preserve inviolate
the doctrine, discipline and government of the
Church of England'—that, as a member of Parliam-
ent, he supports 'a system of things, by which one
religious denomination has an exercise of power to
compel all others to contribute to its support'—if he
persists in these gross misrepresentations after his error
is pointed out to him, then his character for ver-
acity will be destroyed in the old world, and with all
intelligent and well-informed men in the new. I do
not wish to offend his *amor proprius*, in which I know
he is not deficient, but it may serve to make him, for
the future, more careful in asserting facts to know,
that while believing the statements to have been
made in error, and not wilfully, his old friends and
admirers have regarded it as one of the most extraor-
dinary instances of wool-gathering which any man of
talent and genius ever fell into; and an editor, for-
sooth!

Mr. Douglass is equally at fault respecting the
nature of the British Constitution, which he talks of
as a single, clear, concise document, with inflexible
provisions, like the laws of the Medes and Persians,
or the American Constitution itself. It would be treat-
ing this matter more gravely than it deserves, to quote
any of the standard writers upon our Constitution.
I have casually laid my hand upon a school book of
one of my daughters, which contains the following
question and answer respecting the constitutional
powers of Parliament, and which will show Freder-
ick Douglass the latitude of a member of that assembly:
'What is the jurisdiction of Parliament?'
'It has uncontrollable authority in making, abrogat-
ing, repealing and revising laws. It can regulate and
new model the succession to the crown; alter or
establish the religion of the land; and even change
the Constitution of the kingdom, and of Parliaments
themselves.'

Now, that is an extract from a book most exten-
sively used in schools, called 'Mangnall's Historical
and Miscellaneous Questions for the Use of Young
People.' Edited by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A.
It is very probable that Frederick Douglass may be
able to purchase the work in the United States; if
so, he had better do it, for I am sure he will agree
with me, that it is not seemly that an American editor
should possess an amount of information upon a
subject on which he writes, inferior to that of school-
boys and girls. I think every one must admit that
the powers of Parliament, as here defined, are toler-
ably comprehensive. As a matter of history, we
know they enabled us to abolish colonial slavery, and
they would have enabled us to do have done the same,
had slavery been with us a 'domestic institution.' Search
the debates in Parliament, and all the multi-
tudinous printed speeches and articles written on the
subject, and you will find no quibbling about the
wording of clauses in the British Constitution. If a
slave escaped to our shores, what did that Constitu-
tion do? Set him free. If a slave escapes from one
State to another, in the United States, what does the
American Constitution do? Return him to his bond-
age. And yet, Mr. Douglass, himself an emancipated
slave, thinks that Mr. Thompson is criminal in sup-
porting that Constitution which sets the slave free,
and that he would be virtuous in supporting the other,
which returns him to slavery!

Mr. Douglass talks about the 'anomalies' of the
British Constitution. What are they? Why, all reform-
ers in this country, even the most democratic, look
to the powers of that Constitution as the instru-
mentality for remedying the imperfections of our
political institutions. Fairly carried out, it has all the
beneficial properties of the American Constitution,
without any of its pro-slavery clauses, consigning
one-sixth part of its population to hopeless personal
slavery. Had Mr. Thompson, in fact, sworn to
support the British Constitution, he would have sworn
to a Constitution, which, without any mental reserva-
tion, or torture of language, he could, before God,
have subscribed to; and that is more than Frederick
Douglass, upon his own showing, could do. For the
information of those who believe Mr. Thompson to be
an honest and honorable man—and I do not think
the number will be lessened by Frederick Douglass's
communication—I will quote Mr. Thompson's own
views of the British Constitution, delivered to his
constituents, at the commencement of the election
in 1847, and a copy of which was put into the hands
of every elector—18,000 in number—at the time:—
'Let me also state, that I have a high regard for
the British constitution, as its principles are laid
down and expounded by our greatest jurists. I re-
joice that it is my privilege to live under that con-
stitution, and I would, and will, labor to maintain and
perpetuate it, believing it to be consistent with, and
conducive to, the liberty, order, security and happi-
ness of society—the great ends for which all consti-
tutions should be framed. But I do not regard every
institution which has grown up under that
constitution as equally sacred and valuable with the
CONSTITUTION ITSELF; for, while the constitution
guarantees equal liberty to the citizens of this coun-
try, I find many institutions, so called, operating to
restrict, if not to destroy, in important respects, that
liberty. I am, consequently, in favor of reviewing,
revising, and reforming the institutions of this coun-
try; and if I have not studied the constitution with
a defective judgment, it has made ample provisions
for effecting the salutary changes which I desire to
see made—changes in fact required, if for no other
reason, to extend the benefits of that constitution,
equally, to all who live under it. Institutions are
but the machinery for promoting the liberties and
securing the rights of the people, and, like all other
things,—the offspring of human invention,—are liable
to defects, and prone to decay. In the nature of
things, they cannot be expected to suit all ages
and all circumstances. Experience proves that

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.
'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their
slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an en-
gagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a rep-
resentation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons. . . To call government thus con-
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to
make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION
AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL
AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NA-
TIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

WHOLE NO. 1095.

would have had the satisfaction of knowing that they
were opposed to a party who could beat them hollow
in length of purse and unscrupulousness in the em-
ployment of means. Why, Wilberforce spent £100,
000 in a single election in Yorkshire, and posterity
do not look upon that as the most creditable part of
his history. Shades of Sharpe, Clarkson, Wilberforce,
Buxton and Allen, what a libel does this son of Africa
cast upon your immortal memories! The Dissenters
gained the abolition of their slavery, the Test and
Corporation Acts, without having, as without the
possibility of getting, a single man of their party into
the Legislature. The Catholics achieved their emanci-
pation under like circumstances. In 1832, the Re-
formers gained the Reform Bill from a Parliament
composed principally of the representatives of rotten
boroughs. By what instrumentality was all this ac-
complished? The very same as that employed by the
American Anti-Slavery Society—the regeneration of
public opinion. The excitement of the popular indigna-
tion against the legally established evil, and the
bringing of the public influence to bear against the
government and legislature, through the medium of
petitions and remonstrances. The allusion to the
course pursued by the free traders was as unfortunate
a selection as Mr. Douglass could have made. The
Anti-Corn-Law League tried political action, in the
American sense of the term, and found its utter
worthlessness. They tried the plan of contesting
boroughs, and after some half-dozen attempts, with
various success, and the expenditure of many thousand
pounds, they gave up the game, as too expensive and
inefficient. They adopted Sir Robert Peel's plan of
attending to the registration of voters. I could show
that the result of that adoption, in the very best lo-
cality for its operations—the Lancashire boroughs—
was, that after seven years' labor, and an enormous
outlay, the free traders were just where they were at
the commencement, and that they had not gained a
single seat in the House of Commons. Then came
the freehold land movement, in which, up to last
Monday, they declare they have invested nearly
£2,000,000 of money. With what result upon the
Legislature? Why, the attainment of some half-
dozen seats, some of which are now held upon a
very doubtful tenure. The potato disease was a
much more efficient political action than the ballot-
box, or, rather, the polling booth, in the attainment of
free trade. The freehold land scheme is now avowedly
maintained more for its social than its political
advantages. The National Reform Association do not
dream of achieving their object by gaining elections,
which they avail themselves of only for the purpose
of educating the people in the principles of political
justice. Had the Dissenters and Catholics trusted to
political action, they would have remained in political
bondage until doomsday. Had the British abolition-
ists possessed no other means of rescuing the negroes,
our 800,000 colonial slaves would still be clanking
their chains on the plantations; and had free traders
been shut up to that resource, the people of this coun-
try would now be hopelessly consuming their heavily
taxed food. There was one power, and one alone,
by which these various forms of personal, religious,
and industrial slavery could be overthrown, and that
was, the omnipotence of public opinion, which, when
expressed in conformity with the will of God, be-
comes, in fact, the voice of God. For myself, I have
no confidence in the success of any party, even with
a righteousness of object, which loses its faith in the
foolishness of preaching. Whether means which have
been proved materially inefficient for the promotion
of a good cause, and are only potential for govern-
mental corruption and the support of monopoly, may,
when transplanted to America, become the most fit-
ting means for slave emancipation and national regenera-
tion, I will not venture an opinion; I merely testify
to their utter failure here.

It is a pity that Mr. Douglass had not pointed out
what he meant by the 'anomalies' of the British Con-
stitution. He should not have left us to guess at his
meaning. Has he, since he has become a political party
man, grown so ultra republican, that he can see noth-
ing but evil in our Queen and aristocracy? Why,
when he was in the habit of paying them high
compliments, and placing them in most advantageous
 juxtaposition with your President and democracy.
Here is one of his pretty stock quotations, in the use
of which he was very happy, which I have cut out
from one of his own printed speeches:—
'The lion at a virgin's feet.
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Upon her lap—an emblem meet
Of England's queen and England's law.'

Well, now he must know, from reading the papers,
that the British 'lion' still lives; that 'England's
Queen' is the same as when he was here, except
having got a little stouter and more matronly, and being
still more popular with her people; and 'England's
law' has also somewhat improved since 1847. If
there are anomalies in our Constitution, or even in
our political institutions, he, at all events, should
deal gently with them, now he is a supporter of the
American Constitution; for, after nineteen months' ex-
perience in this country, he thus describes the relative
degrees of liberty he had enjoyed in America and
England:—
'Sir, liberty in England is better than slavery in
America. Liberty under a monarchy is better than
despotism under a democracy. (Cheers.) Freedom
despotism under a democracy is better than slavery
under a monarchy. (Cheers.) Freedom under a
monarchical government is better than slavery under
in support of the American capital. Sir, I
have known what it was, for the first time in my
life, to enjoy freedom in this country. I say that I
have here, within the last nineteen months, for the
first time in my life, known what it was to enjoy lib-
erty.'

Then he went on to enumerate a long catalogue of
foul insults and indignities, which, as a colored man,
he was subjected to in America, the bulk of which, I
imagine, still continue, although he has risen from
the condition of a fugitive slave to that of an editor,
and a leading member of a political party in the
United States.

The next assertion in his article is so unfounded
and personally offensive, that it really deserves to be
characterized by a few short but expressive Saxon
words; but I will forbear. Frederick Douglass as-
serts that Mr. Thompson has 'labored hard and long

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, JAN. 2, 1852.

OUR TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME.

With the commencement of a new year and a new volume, we proffer to our friends, patrons, and co-laborers, the heartfelt congratulations of the season, desiring for them, in the great struggle for justice and liberty still convulsing our land, a vigilance that never tires, courage and perseverance equal to any emergency, a fidelity of purpose inflexible and incorruptible, the quenchless flame of a world-wide philanthropy, that faith which overcomes the world, that hope which is as an anchor to the soul, and that charity which is the bond of perfectness.

We enter upon the TWENTY-SECOND volume of the Liberator. Twenty-one years, therefore, have been completed by us, in the advocacy of the sacred claims of our enslaved countrymen, through its columns. What was born in weakness has been raised in power: the cloud that erst was no bigger than a man's hand, has overspread the entire land. Through obscurity and feebleness, through contempt and persecution, through constant vicissitudes and amazing difficulties, the cause of justice has steadily advanced with a God-given vitality and a divine majesty, till the land rocks beneath its tread, and all eyes are fastened upon it, and all tongues are loosed in its discussion.

'The end is not yet,' but the end is neither uncertain nor far distant. A superficial and unphilosophical mind might argue, that the anti-slavery struggle has been abortive, affording no remuneration for past sacrifices, no ground for continued effort, no occasion for exultation and triumph. Since 1831, an immense extent of slave territory has been added to the old, several new Slave States have been admitted into the Union, the increase of the slave population over the original number has been more than a million. Apparently, the Slave Power is more absolute in its sway now, than it has been at any other period. Where, then, do we find cause for anti-slavery congratulation?

Everywhere! Though the Slave Power has every thing its own way, its anxiety and trepidation are visible to the duldest vision. What does this prove—strength, security, permanence? Numerous as are its adherents, few of them are to be relied upon; for as they are not governed by principle, but by interest, they can be retained only so long as their interest is consulted. Preparations for the overthrow of slavery, not in detail, but on a comprehensive plan, in the gross, are going on continually, through the process of public enlightenment which is in so many ways effectually made, by means of the press, of discussion, of personal influence, of combined action. Anti-slavery is a growth, not simply a development. Slavery is a development, not a growth. The first has been constantly gaining; the second as steadily declining, in spite of apparent success. Many a hard conflict is yet to be fought, but, by the eternal law of moral forces, there is no uncertainty as to the result. Emancipation must come.

The Liberator will continue to advocate immediate and unconditional emancipation for those in bonds—equal rights and privileges for such of our colored countrymen as are nominally free. As hitherto, its distinctive object will be the overthrow of slavery by moral and peaceful instrumentalities, for the benefit alike of the oppressor and the oppressed. Incidentally, it will aid other reformatory movements; and still be characterized by its independence and fairness, both sides of every question being allowed an impartial hearing in its columns. No society is responsible for its sentiments; and as for its support, it is dependent upon its subscription list, which we should be glad to see greatly augmented, both for the sake of the cause and the improvement of the paper, in various particulars.

LETTER OF MR. FARMER.

The letter of Mr. FARMER, in vindication of GEORGE THOMPSON from certain imputations cast upon him by FREDERICK DOUGLASS, is of great length, but of such a nature that we have been unwilling to break its continuity by dividing it. The vindication is as complete as it is long. We call particular attention to that portion of it which explains the relation, responsibilities and duties of Mr. THOMPSON, as a member of Parliament, and which will enlighten the minds of many inquirers on that subject. As to the real character and intent of the American Constitution, we think Mr. DOUGLASS exhibited them truly to the British public, in the extracts so pertinently quoted from his speeches by Mr. FARMER; and it is surprising to us that he can now seriously persuade himself that that Constitution is exactly opposite to the views he then entertained of it. A slaveholding, slave-breeding, slave-trading, negro-hating nation cannot tolerate any other instrument than such as will justify and protect them in their villany.

LETTER FROM WM. AND ELLEN CRAFT.

OCEAN SPRING, near Ripley,
Surrey, (Eng.) Nov. 29, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I hope you will not think that we have in the least degree forgotten your kindness towards us, though it may seem so by our not writing to you before. The reason has not been the want of interest on our part, or [of] the proper valuation of true friends. But merely because we, as you well know, have been deprived of the art of writing, and consequently felt our inability of addressing a letter to you.

But the letter of introduction which you were so kind as to give us, was to such a kind and valued friend, that we trust not to labor under this disadvantage much longer.

Through the aid of Mr. Estlin, and some other kind friends, we have been able to settle at the above school, to get such an education as we hope will enable us to do something for the liberties and the elevation of our enslaved countrymen.

And as writing becomes more easy to us, we will take great pleasure in sending you a few lines from time to time, to let you know how we are getting on. And will be much pleased if you will send us the Liberator occasionally, so that we may know what is going on.

We were very sorry that the slaveholders were successful enough to get a slave from Boston, but were much pleased with the difficulty they had in doing so.

We think a few more such cases as the Christina affair will put a damper upon slave-catchers.

Please to remember us very kindly to Mr. Garrison, Mr. Wallcut, and all other inquiring friends.

And believe us to be,

Yours very truly,

W. & E. CRAFT.

THE BAZAAR.

The Boston Bazaar finished its operations on Saturday evening last. Considering the difficulties attending a new location, and one less eligible than that of Faneuil Hall, as well as other circumstances, the sum realized—THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS—exceeded our anticipations. On the last evening, WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered to a large audience a most timely, eloquent and thrilling speech in relation to Kossuth and his position to the cause of down-trodden millions in our land, which we lay before our readers.

KOSSUTH.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,
At the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, Saturday evening, December 27th, 1851.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINGTON.

I have been requested to consider, this evening, the position which Kossuth occupies in relation to the anti-slavery cause in America. I need not say to those who have traced the course of this illustrious man, that it must be with the profoundest regret that any one who loves liberty can utter the first word of criticism in regard to him. His life has been, up to the time of his landing on our shores, one continued sacrifice on the altar of his country's independence. He has never forgotten her. He gave her the bloom of his youth. He has given her the first fruits of his genius. He has been true to her amid the temptations of ambition. He has been true to her amid the temptations of suffering, and the greater temptations of success. His name has become synonymous with patriotism and devotion to the rights of his race. He came to us heralded by the sympathies of every one who had a heart either for the sufferers by the oppressions of Europe, or for those who lie under the weight of the far greater oppressions of our own country. Not only this, but he came to us indebted to the government of the United States. Words of gratitude from his lips were both natural and fitting. He could not do otherwise than be grateful. He had a right to pour out, with oriental profuseness, the overflowing thanks of one who had been rescued from the heavy yoke of Russia, and allowed to plead his cause face to face with the millions of the West of Europe and of our own land. It was something to be thankful for. No one can find fault with him for any grateful words which he has uttered on touching the land under whose flag he first raised his head, no longer a prisoner, hardly an exile. He might well, as in classic story, have fallen down and kissed the deck of that national frigate which was to be his rostrum, with the world for an audience. You will not understand me, therefore, as endeavoring to disparage the momentous service which he has rendered to the Slavonic races of Europe—the purity of his purpose—his gallant daring—the energy which he has displayed—no, nor to find fault with the gratitude which he has expressed to America. All this it was his duty to do. But there was something more expected of him. That expectation has been disappointed. I shall not attempt, for it is not in the mood either of the speaker or of any one who listens to him, to indulge in any epithets which shall characterize his course. I want to state a few simple principles, and then a few pregnant facts, and ask you whether the abolitionists of this country have not a fair charge to make against the great Hungarian; whether those men who wait always with patient expectation the coming of these great and noble spirits, who are to drag forward the cause of human progress, at least a hand's breadth, have not a right to be disappointed, and withdraw themselves from the crowd of idolaters around him who has been designated as the man of the nineteenth century—as the one leader of the reform spirit of the age—as one whose boundless capacity, purity of purpose, and the universality of whose sympathies, almost merited that we should take the statue of Washington from its pedestal, and replace it with the form of the great Hungarian.

This, then, is my purpose,—to look at Kossuth as the slave would look at him. Let me preface what I have to say with a single remark about America. You will recollect the old story of the African chief seated naked under his palm tree, to receive the captain of an English frigate, and the first question he asked was, 'What do they say of me in England?' We laugh at this vanity of a naked savage, canopied by a palm tree, on an unknown river somewhere in the desert of a barbarous continent. But the same spirit pervades our twenty millions of Americans. The heart of every man is constantly asking the question—'What do they say of us in England?' Europe is the great tribunal for whose decision American sensitiveness always stands waiting in awe. We declared our independence, in '76, of the British crown, but we are vassals to-day of British opinion. It dwells yet with the elder branch on the other side of the water. The American still looks with so reverent admiration to the institutions which his fathers reluctantly quitted, and which he still regards with overmuch fondness. Our literature is but a pale reflection of the English mind; and one reason why we have never become more thoroughly democratic is because, while our institutions have been so in form, the whole literature upon which we lived was impregnated with English ideas, and every student and every thinker breathed the atmosphere of London. London is yet the great font of ideas for all the Saxon race. Not until the principles of democracy shall enter Temple Bar will the Saxon race be fully democratic, whether planted on the steppes of the Cordilleras, or on the shores of the Pacific. What is true of England, is true in a less degree of the rest of Europe.

Now, it is to such a nation as this that Kossuth comes—a nation sensitive to a fault, servile to the last degree; catching, with a watchful interest, the first breath of foreign criticism; hugging to its bosom with delight any eulogy that falls from the lips of noted men on the other side of the water. Is there anything peculiar and to be remarked in the state of public affairs at the time of his visit? Yes, he comes precisely at the moment when one absorbing question has banished all others from the nation's mind. The great classes and interests of society crash and jostle against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. The slave question having, like Aaron's rod, devoured all other political issues, claims and keeps the undivided attention of excited millions. The lips of every public man are anxiously watched, and his slightest word scanned with relentless scrutiny. Pulpit and forum are both busy in the discussion of the profoundest questions as to the relations of the citizen to the law, and the real value and strength of our Institutions. For the first time, some men have begun to doubt whether they are compatible with free speech and Christianity; while men, called statesmen, either emboldened by success, or hardened by desperate ambition, have been found ready openly to declare that the Union is possible only on condition that the sons of the Pilgrims consent to hunt slaves, and smother those instincts which have made the poets of all ages love to linger round the dungeon of the patriot and the stake of the martyr—with Tell and Wallace, with Lafayette and Silvio Pellico—with Charles Stuart hunted by the soldiery of Cromwell, and the Covenanters shot by that same Charles Stuart at his cottage door. Kossuth lands on a shore where humanity is illegal, and obedience to the Golden Rule of Christianity has just been declared treason. He was not ignorant of this state of things. Private individuals and public societies in England had placed in his hands ample evidence of the real character of American institutions, and the critical state of public opinion on the momentous question of enslaving every sixth man, woman and child in the land. Some besought him to pause ere he set foot on a land cursed with such monstrous system of oppression, and all bade him beware of the temptation to which his position subjected him, of strengthening by his silence or approbation the hands of the oppressor. At such a time, and in the midst of such a people, we have a right to claim that he should walk carefully. He knew that he must throw the weight of his mighty name in the scale of one party or another, that was waging

war for principle on this side the Atlantic. Senator Foote spoke truly when he said, from his seat in the Senate chamber, 'There is a great struggle going on through the world. It is between despotism and liberty. There is no neutrality in this struggle. No man can fall to be on one side or the other. He that is not with us is against us.' To which John P. Hale replied with such readiness, 'Exactly!' We have now that condition of affairs which George Canning prophesied when he said, 'The next war that passes over Europe is to be a war of ideas.' Now, wherever there is this war of ideas, every tongue takes a side. There is no neutrality. Even silence is not neutrality; but he who speaks a word of sympathy to his brother man is on the side of humanity and progress. (Loud cheers.)

Now, I have brought three facts before you. A man whose simple name is an argument, whose opinion is a fact potent throughout the world in sustaining institutions of government. I have placed him in the midst of a people with every eye fixed upon him, to note his course and learn his opinion. I have shown that he is not ignorant of this his critical position. What has he done? No man expected that he should come into this Hall; that he should go into anti-slavery meetings; that he should take ground against the Fugitive Slave Bill. No. But you remember, when Alexander went to see Diogenes, and asked what he could do for him, the reply of the cynic was, 'Stand out of my light!' Now, the slave had at least the right to say to Kossuth: 'Stand out of my light!' Let the glowing sun of the humanity of the nineteenth century strike full upon me. Let the light and heat of those generous ideas, with which God has inspired some of the white race, fall upon me, to melt these chains of mine; and let not your lavish praise be the spell that shall lull to sleep the half-awakened conscience of a people who have just begun to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten. Throw not the weight of your great name into the scale of those, my enemies, who glory in a national prosperity fed out of my veins, and worship a Union cemented with my blood.

Take his speeches. Do they differ from those of the most pro-slavery American? Does he qualify his eulogy, does he limit his praise? Has he a word of sympathy for the oppressed, a hint, even, at any blot on our national escutcheon? Could he have spoken without taking sides, unless he had used the most guarded and qualified language? Take his speeches relating to the Constitution of the United States. Place them side by side with the speeches of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, with those of any of the men recognised as supporters of this Union, for its very quality of being an added ligament to hold the slave to his master. Is not the tone the same? Is not the eulogy of our Constitution as unqualified and as glowing? Do you ever find the slightest allusion to the fact, that one-sixth part of the inhabitants under it are denied those personal rights which make the sufferings of the Magyar peasant tant in comparison? Throughout this flood of sublime eloquence which he has poured forth with such lavish genius to applauding crowds, when has he been heard to speak a word for three millions of people in this land, outraged and trampled under foot; to intimate that he sympathized with them; to hint that he knew of their existence. Our country is 'great, glorious and free; the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom among the great brotherhood of nations.' This is his language. As I am speaking of one so much praised and trusted, let me read to you two or three lines, to show the tone in which he speaks of the Union whose President and courts have been occupied more fully, the last twelve months, with the recapture of fugitive slaves, and with the trial of men who have nobly aided them, than with any other cause whatever: 'A Union which Daniel Webster says the Fugitive Slave Bill is the very bond and cornerstone,—that it cannot exist without it; a Union pledged to pursue and recapture every man who has the heroism to escape from Southern bondage. Oppressed men will look to your memory as a token of God that there is hope for freedom on earth.'—[this of a Union which returned Sims and Long to their chains, and by which fugitives have been returned by dozens from Ohio and Pennsylvania!—because there is a people like you to feel its worth and support its cause. Europe has many things to learn from America. It has to learn the value of free institutions, and the expansive power of freedom.' And this is a fair type of his general language. You know it.

We have just closed a war for the perpetuity of slavery—every man, North and South, acknowledges it:—a war which even the Senate of the United States pronounced wicked and unnecessary; and the noblest intellects of the land have reproached; which all parties have justified on the ground of its necessity to preserve the Union by aiding slavery, and not on the ground of justice, of humanity, or of liberty. What does he say of it? 'Take, for instance, the glorious struggle.' [We sent out a party from a slave State across to Mexican territories; we, Protestants, set up slavery on the soil which Catholics had purged from the stain.] 'Take, for instance, the glorious struggle you had not long ago with Mexico, in which Gen. Scott drove the President of that Republic from his capital.' Mark you that language. I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

'I know how to read your people's heart. It is so easy to read it, because it is open like nature, and unpolished, (2) like a virgin's heart.' May others shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties but through the glass of petty interests. Your people has that instinct of justice and generosity (3) which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin; and it is conscious of your country's power; it is jealous of its own dignity; it knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right; and knowing itself to have the power, it is willing to be as good as it is powerful.'

These are the twenty millions of people whom George Thompson, with such striking truth, has described as engaged in one great slave hunt, with their President at their head, pursuing a poor trembling fugitive, flying for refuge to the flag of Great Britain, on the other side of the lakes. 'Your people have that instinct of justice and generosity which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin!'

'May your kind anticipations of me be not disappointed! I am a plain man. I have nothing in me but honest fidelity to those principles which have made you great, and my most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not great as yours, at least as free and as happy, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles. The sounds that I now hear seem to me the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world.'

What! free as the land where the Bible is refused to every sixth person? Free as the land where it is a crime to leave every sixth person to read? Free as the land where, by statute, every sixth woman may be whipped at the public whipping-post! Free as the land where the murderer of the black man, if he be dead is perpetuated only in the presence of blacks, is secure from legal punishment! Free as the land, the banks of whose Mississippi were lit up with the horrid sight, not seen in Europe for two centuries, of a man torn from the hands of justice, and burned in his own blood, by a mob, of whom the highest legal authority proclaimed, afterward, that their act was the act of the people, and above the notice of the Judiciary! Free as the land, the beautiful surface of whose Ohio was polluted by the fragments of three presses—the emblems of free speech—and no tribunal has taken notice of the deeds! Free as the land, whose prairie has drunk in the first Saxon blood shed for the right of free speech for a century and a half—I mean the blood of Loveloy! Free as the land where the fugitive does not proclaim his name in the cities of New England, and skulks in hiding-places until he can conceal himself on board a vessel, and make his way to the kind shelter of Liverpool and London! Free as the

land where a hero worthy to stand by the side of Louis Kossuth—I mean Ellen Craft—(great cheering)—has pistols lying by her bed-side for weeks, as protection against your marshals and your sheriffs, your chief justices and divines, and finds no safe refuge until she finds in the tender mercies of the wife of that port who did his service to the cause of freedom at Missolonghi!

But what does Kossuth wish for Hungary? 'My most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not as great as yours, at least as free and as happy, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles.' 'As free and as happy! Is that all that this loving son of Hungary can ask for his native land? Would he thrust back to serfdom one sixth part of her twelve millions? Would he not blush to stand so near even to Austria, who compels her peasantry to learn to read, and make the teaching of every sixth Hungarian a penal offence? Would he legislate into existence a nation of Haynau, and authorize them to whip Magyar women? Would he fill Hungarian prisons with Draytons and Sayres, and throw them and Fairbanks—Hungarian graves with Crandalls and Loveloyes? Would he hang his courts in chains, that his brother nobles might drag back their serfs in peace? Before he repeats such a wish, let him go and meditate one hour more in that dungeon whence one of his comrades went to his grave, and the other came out blind—let him send his thoughts back again to that refuge which the Sultan gave him when he refused, at the hazard of his Crescent, to surrender to his neighbor State the Hungarian Craft, Sims, Long, etc., who had escaped and claimed his protection. He would, if he be the man the world believes him, learn there that he never could consent to make Hungary what these United States are, and that he begs aid for his loved country too dear, if he begs it by words not truthful from the lips of Louis Kossuth.'

'Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nation's liberty! Thou hast no tyrants among thee to throw the apple of Eros into thy Union. Thou hast no tyrants to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family! This he says, when he knows that the newspapers of one half the Union are full of the records of the atrocities perpetrated by the white men upon the blacks, guilty of nothing but a skin not colored like their own. I defy Kossuth to find in any German paper, at the very front of Austrian despotism, such advertisements as daily fill our Southern presses. I defy him to match the crimes and wickedness of the press that loquaces with despotism in this land. Mothers sold with their infants, six weeks old, together or apart. I defy him to match the advertisements coming from our Southern States, calling for a man or his head!—Fifty dollars reward for a man, dead or alive!

A land with three millions of slaves, and not a tyrant! Free speech achieved on the floor of Congress only after a dozen years of struggle, and still a penal offence in one half the Union—our jails filled with men guilty only of helping a brother man to his liberty—yet the keen eyes of this great soul can see nothing but a 'solid basis of liberty!' Southern Conventions to dissolve the Union—the law executed in Boston at the point of the bayonet—riot, as the Government calls it, striking through the streets of Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Christiana and New York—Massachusetts denied by statute the right to bring an action in South Carolina—Georgia setting a price on the head of a Boston printer—Senators threatening to hang a brother Senator, should he set foot in a Southern State—the very tenants of the pulpit silenced, or subjected to a coat of tar and feathers—one State proposing to exclude the commerce of another—demagogues statesmen perambulating the country to save the Union—honest men exhorted to stifle their consciences, for fear the whole nation should sink amid the breakers—the ship of state laid to waste by Jefferson's conviction, that 'we have the wolf by the ears; we can neither hold him nor safely let him go!' Yet this man, whose 'tempest-tossed life has somewhat sharpened the eyes of his soul,' can see only a 'solid basis of liberty!'

'No tyrant to throw the apple of Eros in the Union; to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family! What place has such fustian and baseless eloquence on the lips of a truthful and honest man? I have a great deal more of the same tone, but I shall weary your patience. You will not deny that this has been the general tenor of his addresses in America. Now, he says, I do it because I love Hungary so much.'

Well, then, he is a patriotic and devoted Hungarian—grant him that! He loves Hungary so much that his charity stops at the banks of the Danube. He is a lover of his mother land. It is a great thing to suffer for one's mother land; but still, it is a local patriotism. Even Webster loves the whites. It is something to love one's race, and so much is patriotism; but they claim for Kossuth that he represents the highest ideas of the nineteenth century. We do not dispute his title to this, that he has been devoted to Hungary. Grant him that. When Alexander had consecrated himself as a god, he sent word to the Lacedaemonians that he had made himself a god, and they sent him back word—'Be a god!' So if men only claim for Kossuth that he is ready to do and dare all for Hungary, we are willing to reply with the Lacedaemonians—'Be, to Hungary, he Washington.' The time was when even he claimed more, when he could proclaim that the cause of liberty was one the world over—that whoever struck a blow for justice and humanity anywhere, helped the oppressed the world wide through; while he gave comfort to tyrants was the foe of all peoples. We felt that lightning which leaped the chain of the Hungarian arc, flashed a glad light into every hovel of the Carolinas; and that the blow which Garrison was striking on the gates of the American Bastille, lent strength to hosts that battled on the banks of the Danube. So thought Kossuth once; but it is possible that his conviction was no mainly faith, but only a fairy spell which legends tell us a running stream always dissolves, and that the waves of the Atlantic have washed it out, and flung him upon our shores a mere Hungarian exile, instead of one of those great spirits with which God at rare intervals blesses the ages, with hearts so large that they cover the world in their country, and every man, specially every oppressed man, is a brother!

Men say, 'Why criticize Kossuth, when you have every reason to believe that, in his heart, he sympathizes with you?' Just for that reason we criticize him. Because he endorses the great American lie, that to save or benefit one class, a man may rightfully sacrifice the rights of another. Because, while the American world knows him to be a hater of slavery, they see him silent on that question—hear him eulogize a nation of slaveholders—to carry his point. What greater wrong can he do the slave, than thus to strengthen his foes in their own good opinion of themselves, and weaken, by his example, that public reprobation to which the negro can alone trust for ultimate redemption? He whom tyrants hated on the other side the ocean, is the favored guest of tyrants on this side. He eats salt with the Haynau of Washington. It is high time that he explain to Europe the geographical morality that enables him to do it, and be still the Louis Kossuth whose wandering steps Russian vengeance thought it worth while to follow. Could he have filed his tongue as cunningly at home, why should he have ever left Pesth? Or shall we deem him a man hotly indignant at his own wrongs, and those of his own blood, but cold to those of one whose skin is some shades darker than his own?

Kossuth has sacrificed the cause of liberty itself. He has consented to praise a nation whose freedom is a sham. He has consented to praise the nation which tramples Mexico under foot. He has consented to praise them that he might save Hungary. Then rate him at his right price. The freedom of twelve millions bought the silence of Louis Kossuth for a year. A world in the scale never bought the silence of O'Connell or Fayette for a moment. That is just the difference between him and them. O'Connell, (I was told the anecdote by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton), in 1829, after his election to the House of Commons, was called upon by the West India interest—some fifty or sixty strong—who said, 'O'Connell, you have been accustomed to act with Clarkson and Wilberforce, Lushington and Brougham, to speak on the platform of Freemasons' Hall, and advocate what is called the abolition cause. Mark this! If you will break loose from these associates, if you will close your mouth on the slave question, you may reckon on our undivided support on Irish matters. Whenever your country's claims come up, you shall be sure of fifty votes on your side.' 'No!' said O'Connell; 'let God care for Ireland; I will never shut my mouth on the slave question to save her!' (Loud cheers.) He stood with eight millions, whom he loved; he stood with a peasantry at his back mired out and trodden under foot as cruelly as the Magyar; he stood with the hearts of the British soldiery in 1782 and 1801; he knew the poverty and wretchedness, he knew the oppressions under which the Irish groined; but never, for a moment, would he consent to lift Ireland, whose woes, we may well suppose, rested heavily on the heart of her greatest son,—by the sacrifice of the interests or the freedom of any other portion of the race. 'When,' said the friend who told me this anecdote, in conclusion, 'when there were no more than two or three of us in the House of Commons, O'Connell would leave any court or any meeting to be present at the division, and vote on our side.' That is the type of a man who tries by its proper standard the claims of all classes upon his sympathy. He did for Ireland what God had enabled him to do; but there was one thing which God had not called upon him to do, and that was to speak a falsehood, or to belie his convictions. He did not undertake to serve his country by being silent when he knew he ought to speak, or speak in language that should convey a false impression to his hearer.

Kossuth is filled with overflowing love for Hungary, which lies under the foot of the Czar. Now, let us suppose a parallel case. Suppose that Lafayette were now living, and that the great Frenchman had seen his idea of liberty for France go down in blood. We will suppose that, despairing of doing anything at home, he had concluded to appeal to some foreign nation for aid; that Fayette, with his European reputation, considered the great apostle of human liberty, and his voice the seal and stamp of republican principles, Fayette goes to Vienna for help. He goes to Austria for help for his side in French politics, as Kossuth comes here for help on his side of Hungarian politics; to Austria, with Hungary bleeding at her feet, and Kossuth in exile.

After all, it is national politics which he asks us to interfere, at whatever hazard. What is Hungary? Twelve millions of people under the iron foot of the Russian Czar, by means of his puppet, the Emperor of Austria. What says he to America? 'I do not wish to be entangled with American politics.' As one of our own citizens said to me the other day—'What comes this fellow here for? I do not wish to meddle with Austrian politics.' The question of the liberty of twelve millions in Hungary is as much a question of Austrian politics as the question of the three millions of slaves under the United States Constitution, and the human beings sent back as chattels under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1851, is a question of American politics.

Do not think that I am so far out of the way in sending Fayette to Austria. Let me turn aside before I finish the illustration. What is Austria? Who is Haynau? The culminating star of Austrian atrocity—the General whose name recalls every thing that is most monstrous in Austria's treatment of down-trodden Hungary. Haynau! What was it that the European press charged upon him as his greatest atrocity? Why, he whipped one woman, a countess; he whipped one woman at the public whipping-post. The press of Europe, from the banks of the Volga to the banks of the Seine, from the 'Times' up to 'Punch,' denounced him as a libel on the civilization of the nineteenth century, as a brute who had disgraced even the brutality of the camp, when he dared, in the face of Europe, in the nineteenth century, thus to outrage the common feeling of the world. That is Haynau; but he followed the example of half the States of this Union. There, woman-whipping is the law and custom of the land. There are a hundred thousand men and women in this nation, who have a right by law to whip a million and a half of women in fifteen of the Southern States. 'One murder makes a villain; millions a hero.' To whip one woman makes a monster; but to whip millions by statute is to make a country in regard to which it is the highest wish of Kossuth that Hungary may be like her!

In view of this and similar facts, I say, there is not a word of the language which he applies to Austria that is not equally applicable to the land which imprisons Drayton and Sayres in the jails of its capital, that pursues Shadrach by statute—a land where women are whipped by statute—and there is not a word of all this eloquent eulogy of ourselves which is not equally applicable to Austria.

I send Fayette, therefore, to Austria. Kossuth, sheltered by the Crescent, hears of the coming of Fayette to Vienna. How his heart beats! Now, from that voice, venerable with its age, strong in the millions that wait its tones, I shall hear the voice of a deliverer. Now the heart of every down-trodden Hungarian is to leap for joy; now a sunbeam shall light up the dungeons of my old comrades, for Fayette has entered Vienna. Listen! The first note that is borne to him down the waters of the Danube is that of Fayette speaking to Haynau of his 'glorious entry into the capital of Hungary,' as Kossuth speaks of the entrance of the Americans into the capital of Mexico. He listens, and every word of the eloquent Frenchman is praise of the Austrian emperor and Austrian institutions; and he says—words Kossuth sends to the Americans—'clinging to your Constitution and your institutions. Cling to them! Let no misguided citizen ever dream of tearing down the house because there is a discomfit in one of the chambers.' And suppose he hears him say—'Let no misguided Magyar ever dream of tearing asunder this beautiful empire of Austria, because there is a discomfit in that one chamber of Hungary.' What would have been his tone in answering Fayette? He would have said—'Recreate! What right have you to purchase slavery for France, by sacrificing the people of Hungary, and by eulogizing tyrants?' (Tremendous cheering.)

Just such is the message that the American slaves send back to Kossuth:—'Recreate! If you could not speak a free word for liberty the world wide over, why came you to this land stained and polluted by our blood? What right had you to purchase with your silence aid for Hungary, or throw the weight of your great name into the scale of our despair?' 'O, no!' said O'Connell, 'I will never tread that American strand, until she removes the curse of American slavery from her statute book.' It was well he did not. Hardly any man can stand against the temptations of our great political inquiry.

Kossuth has come here on the glorious mission of redeeming Hungary. God speed him in every step—honest step—that he takes to lift up the Magyar, that he may raise the nations of Europe! But, O! if he only lift her up by using for his fulcrum the chains of the slave; if he only lift her up by using language which shall strengthen the hearts of the oppressor in this land, which shall make those who love this Union lay the flattering unction to their souls—

praise them that he might save Hungary. Then rate him at his right price. The freedom of twelve millions bought the silence of Louis Kossuth for a year. A world in the scale never bought the silence of O'Connell or Fayette for a moment. That is just the difference between him and them. O'Connell, (I was told the anecdote by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton), in 1829, after his election to the House of Commons, was called upon by the West India interest—some fifty or sixty strong—who said, 'O'Connell, you have been accustomed to act with Clarkson and Wilberforce, Lushington and Brougham, to speak on the platform of Freemasons' Hall, and advocate what is called the abolition cause. Mark this! If you will break loose from these associates, if you will close your mouth on the slave question, you may reckon on our undivided support on Irish matters. Whenever your country's claims come up, you shall be sure of fifty votes on your side.' 'No!' said O'Connell; 'let God care for Ireland; I will never shut my mouth on the slave question to save her!' (Loud cheers.) He stood with eight millions, whom he loved; he stood with a peasantry at his back mired out and trodden under foot as cruelly as the Magyar; he stood with the hearts of the British soldiery in 1782 and 1801; he knew the poverty and wretchedness, he knew the oppressions under which the Irish groined; but never, for a moment, would he consent to lift Ireland, whose woes, we may well suppose, rested heavily on the heart of her greatest son,—by the sacrifice of the interests or the freedom of any other portion of the race. 'When,' said the friend who told me this anecdote, in conclusion, 'when there were no more than two or three of us in the House of Commons, O'Connell would leave any court or any meeting to be present at the division, and vote on our side.' That is the type of a man who tries by its proper standard the claims of all classes upon his sympathy. He did for Ireland what God had enabled him to do; but there was one thing which God had not called upon him to do, and that was to speak a falsehood, or to belie his convictions. He did not undertake to serve his country by being silent when he knew he ought to speak, or speak in language that should convey a false impression to his hearer.

Kossuth is filled with overflowing love for Hungary, which lies under the foot of the Czar. Now, let us suppose a parallel case. Suppose that Lafayette were now living, and that the great Frenchman had seen his idea of liberty for France go down in blood. We will suppose that, despairing of doing anything at home, he had concluded to appeal to some foreign nation for aid; that Fayette, with his European reputation, considered the great apostle of human liberty, and his voice the seal and stamp of republican principles, Fayette goes to Vienna for help. He goes to Austria for help for his side in French politics, as Kossuth comes here for help on his side of Hungarian politics; to Austria, with Hungary bleeding at her feet, and Kossuth in exile.

After all, it is national politics which he asks us to interfere, at whatever hazard. What is Hungary? Twelve millions of people under the iron foot of the Russian Czar, by means of his puppet, the Emperor of Austria. What says he to America? 'I do not wish to be entangled with American politics.' As one of our own citizens said to me the other day—'What comes this fellow here for? I do not wish to meddle with Austrian politics.' The question of the liberty of twelve millions in Hungary is as much a question of Austrian politics as the question of the three millions of slaves under the United States Constitution, and the human beings sent back as chattels under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1851, is a question of American politics.

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
The Nineteenth Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in the MELRODGE, in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, January 25th, 26th and 30th, 1852—commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. All auxiliary Societies are solicited to be strongly represented on the occasion. The widest and most cordial invitation to the present is extended to all those who "despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood," and who long to see this country presenting to the world a pure and glorious example, with not a slave upon her consecrated soil.
Able and eminent speakers will be present, whose names will hereafter be announced.
FRANCIS JACKSON, President.
EDMUND QUINCY, Sec'y.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.
NEW SERIES.
NORTH ATTLEBORO', (Bristol Co.)
Saturday Evening and Sunday, Jan. 10 and 11.
This meeting will be attended by Lucy Stone and George W. Putnam.

INFORMATION WANTED.
Mr. JOSHUA F. JOSSELYN, of Pembroke, Mass., left, the 21st day of July, for the White Mountain, and has not been heard from since. He being out of health, and his relatives expecting him to return in a few weeks, they feel anxious for him. He is in his 33d year, of a fine, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and is rather short in stature; his under front teeth were very much crowded. He wore away a black suit of clothes, a black satin vest, single-breasted, and buttoned up high in the neck. If any one can give information of his whereabouts, or if he should be living, and see this, if he or any one will write to OTIS P. JOSSELYN, Pembroke, Mass., it would deeply oblige his relatives.

Will newspapers, especially those in New Hampshire, please copy?

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.
Loving Moody will lecture on Anti-Slavery and the Higher Law, in
Mansfield, Friday, January 9, "
Foxboro', Sunday, " 11, "
Sheldo ville, Monday, " 12, "
Medway, Wednesday, " 14, "
Holliston, Friday, " 16, "
Ashland, Sunday, " 18, "
Fellowsville, Wednesday, " 21, "
Berlin, Thursday, " 22, "
Friends in the above places are earnestly requested to make all needful arrangements.

MEETING AT SAUGUS.
JAMES N. BUFFUM and GEORGE W. PUTNAM will hold a meeting at the Town Hall in Saugus, on Sunday next, Jan. 4.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
LUCY STONE will lecture on Slavery, on Sunday evening, Jan. 4, in Portsmouth.

LECTURES.
GEORGE W. PUTNAM, an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—
Norton, Tuesday eve'g, Jan. 6, "
Taunton, Wednesday eve'g, " 7, "
Foxboro', Thursday and Friday eve'g, " 8 and 9, "
MEETINGS IN CARVER.
The Plymouth County Anti-Slavery Society will hold meetings on Saturday evening and Sunday next, (day and evening,) Jan. 3d and 4th, in the new Hall, near Carver Green, in Carver. Among the speakers on the occasion will be C. C. Burleigh and Nathaniel H. Whiting.

TO LAWYERS AND OTHERS.
A lady, who is a ready penman and copyist, is desirous of obtaining writing, which may afford her remuneration. By addressing Mrs. B., Liberator office, further particulars may be known.

MARRIED.—At Grace Church, Dec. 25th, by Rev. Charles Mason, Mr. PETER AVERT, of Maine, to Miss HENRIETTA S., daughter of Mr. WILLIAM B. KENDALL, of New York.

☞ We return our thanks for a share of the wedding cake, and wish the parties a life of happiness, greatly augmented by their union.—*Ed. Lib.*

In Upton, November 26, by Rev. George S. Ball, HENRY A. ALDRICH, of Northbridge, to MARY M. ALDRICH, second daughter of CLARK ALDRICH, of Upton.

☞ Accompanying the marriage notice was a large loaf of wedding cake, in size beyond any thing in our editorial experience. We are certainly favored this week. If good wishes can avail aught, the wedded pair will enjoy a union of never-ending felicity.—*Ed. Lib.*

DIED.—In Hingham, on the 27th ultimo, Mr. AMEL FEARING, an old subscriber to the Liberator, and a very worthy man.
In Roxbury, Dec. 30, Mr. WILLIAM REED, formerly of this city, aged 66 years, 9 months, and 16 days. "The noblest work of God, an honest man."

WRITINGS OF W. L. GARRISON.
[THIS day published, "SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,"—414 pages, duodecimo. Price: In cloth, \$1.00; extra gilt, \$1.25. R. F. WALLCUT, 21 Cornhill.]

"O, my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal of mine self-misused;
For never can true courage dwell with timor;
And, who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own VICES."—COLERIDGE.

Imitations of Woods and Marbles.
The productions of Nature in one hundred years imitated in artificial style in two days.

LIGHT and dark Oak, Maple, Black Walnut, Satin-wood, Rosewood, and Mahogany imitated in the most natural manner: Front Doors, Rooms, &c. painted as above; Vestibules, Passages, &c. worked out in blocks, and veined in imitation of blue vein Italian, Bardillo, Derbyshire fossil, Egyptian, and White Marble. Front door side lights, and all kinds of glass work ornamented with Flowers, &c. in correct imitation of ground and cut glass; Sign Painting; Plaster Figures, &c. Bronzed and Gilded.

Work of the above and various other descriptions executed in good style, and at fair charges, by
CHRISTOPHER NEPHELIAN,
No. 11 Fayette Court, 401 Washington street, Boston.

☞ Country and city orders attended to.
January 2 1m

TO THE LADIES.
AMONG the many improvements of the day, the one for the better promotion of female comfort in a most critical period of life occupies a prominent part. Those ladies who regard comfort, purity and delicacy, as worthy of their attention, will be pleased to learn that their wants can be attended to by
MRS. M. CHOATE,
MIDWIFE AND PHYSICIAN,
an educated practitioner, and a graduate of the Boston Female Medical School.
She will also attend to diseases peculiar to her sex, and spare no pains to render herself attentive and skillful in her profession.
☞ No. 20 Bennett street, Boston.
December 19 tf

Phrenology.
DR. N. WHEELER
WILL continue his lectures on this subject, accompanied by a public examination of heads, every Saturday evening, at Chapman Hall, Chapman Place, leading out of School street, commencing at 7:12 o'clock. Admission 12-12 cents for a gentleman and lady. Office for professional examinations and verbal or written delineations of character, including charts, 265 Washington street, Boston. Classes formed to teach the science of Phrenology.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
THIS is to certify, that I have, from this date, given my son, Franklin Washington Ward, his time, and henceforth notwithstanding his wages nor pay his debts.
ALVAN WARD.
Ashburham, Nov. 24, 1851.

